

## NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS—THE PLAYGOERS AND MR. IRVING—MR. H. A. JONES IN PRINT.

London, February 15.  
Mr. Louis Jennings has found a eulogist in death in the person of Mr. Gladstone, whom, in life, he wrote a book to attack. "I believe the book," said Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons on Saturday, "convicted me of every sort of inconsistency—a book, I have no doubt, written with the talent and ingenuity which distinguished him, but which, unfortunately, the pressure of other occupations has prevented me at any time from being able to examine." Mr. Gladstone's memory is one of the many marvellous gifts which distinguish him, but it does not always appear to have the same hold upon recent events as upon those of an earlier period in his long life. He was so far able to examine Mr. Jennings's book at the time of its publication, or not very long after, as to speak of it with great anger and resoluteness. He had so far examined it as to discover that it criticized his consistency—a point in which he is curiously sensitive.

One of the idolators, who can tolerate the perception of flaw in their idol, remarks that this book was written at a time when Mr. Jennings did not know Mr. Gladstone. It is not easy to see what that has to do with the matter. It was a book based on documents, on printed declarations, on published reports of public speeches. If Mr. Jennings came afterward to know Mr. Gladstone personally—I am not sure whether he did or not—he no doubt, like others, felt the charm of his personal character, and came, like others, to some extent under the sway of a commanding and fascinating personality. But that could not alter facts, or blot out the record.

Mr. Jennings had been member of Parliament for Stockport since 1885. He was a useful but not a conspicuous member. He had not the type of mind which adapts itself readily to the requirements of the House of Commons. He spoke fairly well, but was not a debater, and he probably had a wholesome contempt for the arts by which some of his colleagues in that House contrive to attract attention. In the main, he was a journalist and man of letters, and the House likes neither. He wrote charming books on rural life about London, the result of long rambles and some of the loveliest scenery in the world—books which had much success and many admirers when published, and then somehow passed, as it were, out of notice, and out of the general memory. He had some kind of permanent connection, I think, with the publishing house of Murray, and wrote a good deal for "The Quarterly Review." There was a connection also and long a close one, between Mr. Jennings and Lord Randolph Churchill, whose speeches he edited with judgment and with a preface which was an excellent piece of political writing. This friendship came to an end on a point of political difference—a difference which broke out one evening in the House of Commons.

But Mr. Jennings's best literary work was his editing of "The Croker Papers"—a difficult and exacting task thoroughly well done. A most competent judge in such matters once expressed the opinion that "The Croker Papers" are a more valuable contribution to the political history of the time than even "The Gravelle Memoirs"—a book which has at least as much reputation as it deserves, and certainly more authority than it will permanently maintain. There are contributions in Mr. Jennings's book to literary history as well as to political; of great value these also. He had to meet a prejudice founded on enmities to Croker entertained by two men so eminent as Macaulay and Brougham; neither of whom was ever scrupulous in gratifying his hatreds. The book is therefore a vindication, and a vindication of the best kind, for it rests on contemporaneous letters and papers. Mr. Jennings did his part with much reserve and modesty. It is not for that reason the less effective, nor is the credit due to him the less.

Mr. Gladstone's tribute to his memory was kindly, and most characteristic of its author, but was very far from being complete. It was the Parliamentary side of Mr. Jennings's character which alone seemed to interest the Old Parliamentary Hand. But there were many others, and he well deserves that one who knew him should write his full epitaph. I cannot, for I had but the merest acquaintance with Mr. Jennings, and met him seldom. I can only say that he seemed to me an original and interesting individuality, of great energy and patience, of no little force, of no little culture, and capable of attracting to him other strong men as close friends.

The Playgoers' Club held a dinner on Sunday evening, with Mr. Henry Irving as a guest and as orator of the evening. Precisely what its existence are, it might be difficult to say. Perhaps the members of it, or some of them, know. Mr. Irving spoke of it as a company of four hundred critics. But are there four hundred critics of the drama in London? Others describe it as an assembly of gentlemen who call themselves in the neologistic jargon of the period, "first-nighters." The two definitions are not irreconcileable, but I fancy neither is complete. Mr. Irving, testing its insufficiency, enlarged it, saying: "The very existence of the club is based on the conviction that the drama and the interpretation of the drama are rare and difficult arts, and not the mere distractions of an empty hour." Its composition is extremely catholic. It includes, said their guest, a gentleman who had favored them with a dissertation on the immorality of the stage. It includes also a Socialist of a type who, I am sure, would be a member of the club if he had not been disengaged from his theatricals.

In closing, Mr. Eggleston then proposed the single toast of "The Drama" to which Mr. Irving responded. An odd spectacle, these four hundred gentlemen comfortably dining together in the Grand Hall of the Criterion and being harangued by this triumphant darling of the masses. The four hundred were harangued also by that eminent playwright, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, author of "The Bauble Shop" and other pieces. Mr. Jones laid down a very sound proposition, that sincerity must be the basis of the drama. It he would exemplify this law in his own plays, the drama and the public would be still more indebted to him. But the doctrine of sincerity includes the doctrine of probability, which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones glibly sacrifices for the sake of a cheer or a laugh.

Mr. Irving's oratory is interesting—interesting in manner and in substance; though, indeed, manner is itself part of the substance of oratory. He has the delicacy and distinction of manner which he has, when at his best, on the stage. He has also a remarkable diction, and an aptitude for criticism, and for a critical view of criticism itself. You may note the neatness of his phraseology in the sentence in which, addressing an audience of critics, he "did not hesitate to say that there had been times when the genius of frankness which possessed the club had not appeared to him to be allied with the finest discrimination." He possesses also—I was going to say the art, but it is a gift of nature and not of art—or geniality. No gift is more valuable to him who has to take critical views, or to command to a critical or any other audience views which are not intrinsically acceptable to them.

In the persuasion that the art of the playwright has some relation to literature, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has committed some of his works to print. A publicity of that kind may be more perilous than the glare of the footlights; or may it be finds readers, and if the readers expect to find in works of this nature something more than a dexterous application of stagemanship, and a knack at dialogue which shall, to the ear of the playgoer, crackle as thorns under the pot. Such titles as "Saints and Sinners," or "The Dancing Girl," or "The Bauble Shop," have a good deal more of clatter in them than of that serious gravity to which, as we saw above, Mr.

Jones has an academic attachment. But it is one thing to give a theoretical preference to a sound canon of dramatic writing; another to print it. The printing of a play is a challenge to the public and to posterity. A thing to act and a thing to read are two, and it is less easy to overlook in the closet than in the theatre what is slipped in style, and trivial, and false, and falsely observed.

G. W. S.

## WEDDINGS PAST AND TO COME.

There was a pretty wedding yesterday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock, in the West Presbyterian Church, when Miss Anna Eliza Crumble, a daughter of James Crumble, was married to Benj. Lewis Fairchild, a young lawyer, of Pelham Bay. The bride, who wore a gown of white brocade made in Empire fashion and trimmed with pink lace, was given away by her brother, Frank R. Crumble. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Ella Crumble of Ossining, who was in pink, and Miss Mary Lauterbach and Miss Ella Moore, both in blue silk and chiffon. The Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton was the officiating clergyman. Charles C. Bassett, of Washington, D. C., was best man. The ushers were George B. Crumble, a brother of the bride; Thomas Estling, Jr., Alfred L. Gilder, Walter Quirk, Dr. H. May H. Ty and Irving M. Shaw. The wedding service was played at the entrance of the bridal party, and as they left the church the Mendelssohn march. After the ceremony there was a small reception for the bridal party and relatives of the pair, at the house of the bride's mother, No. 76 East Sixty-fourth St. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wyckoff, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Crumble, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cleveland, Mrs. E. R. Thurston, Miss Thurston, Benjamin L. Fairchild, Mrs. S. M. Crumble, the Misses Flander, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. William Reed, William D. Crumble, Miss Gertrude Watts, Mr. and Mrs. George G. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Fairchild, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. William Dunyon, Mr. and Mrs. William Gray, Mr. and Mrs. John Salisbury, Mrs. George Green, the Rev. and Mrs. McMichael Nichols, Dr. J. O. Polhemus, Dr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, the Rev. and Mrs. Franklin Abbott, of Nyack. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild will live at Pelham Heights. They will hold a large reception on April 8, at No. 76 East Sixty-first. Mr. Fairchild is a member of the law firm of Ewing, Southard and Fairchild.

An important field in Brooklyn last night was the wedding of Miss Sterling Messer, a daughter of ex-Judge F. S. Messer, to George Edward Crook, which took place at St. George's, in the South Congregational Church, President and Court. A number of prominent Brooklyn people witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. A. J. Lyman, pastor of the church. The bride wore an extremely simple gown of white satin made in the style of 1860. The bride was of full, and her only ornament was a string of pearls which belonged to her great grandmother, the Countess de Segur. The maid of honor, the bride's sister, Miss Fredrica Messer, was dressed in blue gauze combined with velvet of a darker shade. There were no old diamonds. The best man was Henry L. Bowring, Duran Elementary, Thomas Bowring, Daniel Blewett, Frank Johnson, Louis Hawkins and Percy Powell were ushers. There was no reception. The members of the contracting families and the bridal party went to the home of the bride, No. 123 Schermerhorn-st., to supper. Among those at the church were Mr. and Mrs. James F. Pierpont, Judge Dyckman, Judge Bartlett, Judge Culver, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morris, Judge and Mrs. Augustus Van Winkle, W. E. Osborne, Judge and Mrs. H. R. Martine, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Voss, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jacobs, Mrs. A. J. Lyman, Judge and Mrs. J. J. Walsh, the Rev. Father Dwyer, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Pettit, Major and Mrs. H. R. Corwin, Dr. James Bouche, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Swain, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, General and Mrs. J. M. Varian, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ade, Miss Ade, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. D. Blakely, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Boynton, John Blatz, Jr., Tillman Benson, Alexander Bridge, Mrs. Leopold Brandeis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howe, Mrs. S. Cross, Mrs. C. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Farnell, Judge Culver, James C. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Conklin, Mrs. C. D. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Farnell, Mrs. E. S. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Jeune and Arthur Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Collier started for Washington, D. C., and will hold a reception on April 11 at the Hotel St. George.

The wedding of Miss Zella Lenthall to Lieutenant Wheeler will take place at Trinity Chapel on Monday, April 3. The wedding of Miss Sadie Price, of Baltimore, to H. Archibald Peil, of New York, will take place on April 25 in Grace Church, Baltimore. Miss Price is a niece of Bruce Price, of New York.

## INCIDENTS IN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Granville Bynum Smith entertained a number of her friends last night at her home, No. 19 West Sixtieth-st., with music. Richard Turpin, a baritone, sang, and some amateurs assisted in the programme. After the music Peard served supper. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. Lyman Short, Miss Emily Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Walwright, Miss Walker, Miss Sallie Nicoll, J. Rapert, Mr. and Mrs. George Price, Miss Goodridge, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Wissman, and Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Carne.

The second meeting of the Evening Badminton Club was held last night in the armory of the Berkeley School, No. 20 West Forty-second St. Mrs. Charles Stickney, Jr., Mrs. T. W. Ward, and Mrs. Robert Butherford were the patronesses present.

Mr. Eggleston then proposed the single toast of

"The Authors' Club," and called upon Richard Henry Stoddard to respond. Mr. Stoddard on rising received a hearty greeting. Apologizing for the lack of time for preparation, he read the following poem:

## FROM WRITING TO SPEAKING.

## AUTHORS LAY DOWN THEIR PENS AND BECOME JOLLY FELLOWS.

## CELEBRATING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDED OF THEIR CLUB—SOME GENERAL TALKS.

When so many authors come together, as were assembled under the roof of the St. Denis Hotel last evening, it is not too much to say that heaven and earth actually kiss each other. Whence comes the inspiration of the author if not from heaven? What can their readers be found except upon this earth? This is not to say that heaven will at last reject the authors, but their works must find their judgments here.

It was a pleasant gathering of notable men assembled in a room without other decoration than the presence of the gifted personalities seated around the festive board at the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Authors' Club. At the main table the founders of the club were seated. In the centre sat Edward Eggleston, chairman. At Ms right Joseph Jefferson and at Ms left Richard Malcolm Johnston. Others were Edward

George W. Cable and Andrew Carnegie.

Henry Stoddard, Noah Brooks, George W. Cable, Parker Godwin, Richard Watson Gilder, John Burroughs, Charles de Kay and Brander Matthews. At the other tables were Henry Augustus Beers, Marcus Benjamin, William Henry Bishop, James Thompson Bixby, Alexander Black, Elihu Rogers Bowles, Hjalmar Björnson, Clarence Clough Buel, William Carey, Andrew Carnegie, Edward Cary, John D. Chapman, William Comant Church, Titus Munson Coan, George H. Ellsworth, William Hamilton Gibson, Arthur Sherman Hardy, Ripley Hitchcock, William Johnson, David Bennett King, Leonard K. Knobell, George Parsons Lathrop, Walter Learned, Charlton T. Lewis, James Marsh Libbey, William H. McElroy, Henry Marquand, Albert Matthews, John Morrissey, Charlie Ledward Norton, Bernard F. O'Connor, Rufus Osborne, Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Henry Phillips, George E. Pond, Horace Porter, David L. Prouty, George Lansing Raymond, Frank Dempster Sherman, F. Hopkinson Smith, Rich and Maynor Smith, Alfred Butler Starkey, Arthur Stetson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles A. Stoddard, Francis Howey Stoddard, Stephen Henry Taylor,

and others.

These five commandments have all the law and the prophets.

Of course, it is pleasant to be where one can speak for a moment in this rebellious spirit. Count me here and with the Authors' Club forever. (Applause.) I like to be in the company of men like these gathered here in this spirit of good fellowship. It is a good fellowship in the experience of inspiration. The day has come when men have had down the pen and bashed the soul and ceased their efforts for divine inspiration. But the day has yet come when men have ceased to feel it. The canon is not closed while honest men and true lovers of god's truth, who are read on the leaves of the book or on the leaves of the forest, are ready to write for God's whole people. So wish this club good-speed, and may the experience of every one of us be such that we shall need a definition

of "good speed" but it was an affectionate greeting which taught the masses of the people, "Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report." He declared himself wholly unable to attempt the rôle of editor, unless before the editors of the "Daily News" had and dedicated to press further on their honourable association in their membership, and on this occasion that good speed.

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